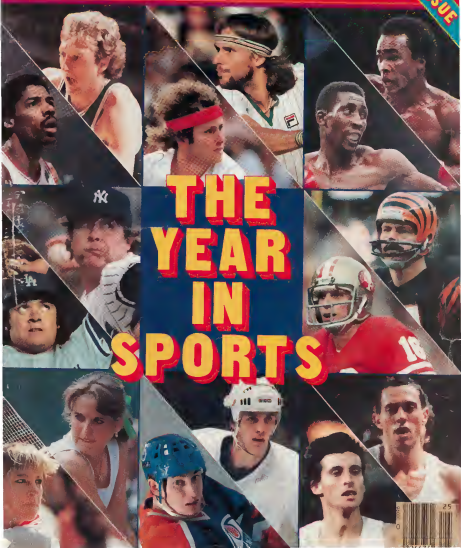


Sports Illustrated

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THE YEAR IN SPORTS



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Country



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Two pictures are worth

*Atari vs. Intellivision?
Nothing I could say would be more
persuasive than what your own
two eyes will tell you. But I can't
resist telling you more.*

— George Plimpton —



ATARI

HOME RUN™ BASEBALL

INTELLIVISION

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL™

a thousand words.

It's obvious how much more realistic Intellivision graphics are. But take a closer look. Notice the Intellivision players. They've got arms and legs like real players do. Look at the field. It actually looks more like a real baseball field. If you compare the two games, I think you'll find that Intellivision looks a lot more like the real thing.



Atari's *Carma*™ No dealer



Intellivision's *Las Vegas Poker & Blackjack*™ You play cards with a shifty-eyed dealer.

More about action

You can see how much more realistic Intellivision looks. What we can't show you here is how much more realistically it moves. If you could compare the two, I think you'd see that Intellivision has smoother and more life-like movement than Atari.



Atari's *Pong Championship Soccer*™ players



Intellivision's *NASL Soccer*™ players

More about control

If you've ever played a video game, you know how important control is. And if you held these two control units in your hand, you'd know Intellivision gives you more. The Atari hand controller offers only 8 positions and one button. The Intellivision hand controller has 16 positions and 4 buttons. So Intellivision allows



ATARI JOY STICK
HAND CONTROLLER



INTELLIVISION
HAND CONTROLLER

you to maneuver players and objects in more directions with greater precision and accuracy. And the Intellivision controller is compatible with the entire library. With Atari, some games require the purchase of additional control units.

More about challenge

You can't see it here, but I have found that in many of the Atari programs, the game play is rather simplistic. With Intellivision, the game play is more sophisticated. And that makes Intellivision more challenging. With Intellivision PGA Golf for instance, you get nine different clubs to choose from. With Atari Golf, you have to make do with just one club. Greater attention to detail is a quality I have found in all of the Intellivision games. Making them more realistic. And more challenging.



Atari's *Golf*



Intellivision's *PGA Golf*™

More about libraries

Both Intellivision and Atari have large libraries. But there really isn't any way you can tell which library is better, until you play with both. Once you compare the two systems for challenge, sophistication and continued interest, I'm confident you'll choose Intellivision. But don't just take my word for it. Visit your local dealer and decide for yourself.

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RAY: SOME ADVANTAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LOST.

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Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 10, 1982 VOLUME 56, No. 6

CONTENTS

Cover Design by Pamela Portson

In your wildest dreams you could never have imagined 1981	10
The San Francisco 49ers: from sad to surprising to super	12
For once there was no doubt: Clemson had its paws on No. 1	26
Sorry, George, it was the year of Fernando and the Dodgers	40
Today it's Ovett, tomorrow it's Coe—every day a record	58
SI writers recapture their memorable moments from '81	66
For the Celtics, a Bird in hand was worth another NBA title	84
Indiana's Hoosiers were the NCAA's knights in shining armor	96
Sugar Ray Leonard kept his own crown and won two others	112
The Soviets were supreme in Canada, Gretzky was great	122
From Wimbledon to Flushing Meadow, a Big Mac attack	126
Pleasant Colony won the Derby, John Henry all the money	132
Tusk, tusk, the winners were Tom and David, Bill and Larry	136
From the mountains to the city streets, scenes to behold	140

Picture credits on page 144

THE YEAR
PRO FOOTBALL
COLLEGE FOOTBALL
BASEBALL
TRACK & FIELD
MOMENTS TO REMEMBER
PRO BASKETBALL
COLLEGE BASKETBALL
BOXING
HOCKEY
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MOTORCRAFT

66

They said It

• **SAM RUTIGLIANO**, Cleveland Browns coach, who grew up in the same Brooklyn neighborhood as Oakland Raider Managing Partner Al Davis: "He's Mr. Intrigue. He knows the serial number of the Unknown Soldier."

• **BILL WALTON**, former UCLA and NBA center, now a student at Stanford University Law School, as he was about to undergo another foot operation: "I learned a long time ago that minor surgery is when they do the operation on someone else, not you."

• **BO (MOOSE) KRAUSE**, retiring as Notre Dame's longtime athletic director, about a largely honorary new title conferred upon him: "I just found out what 'emeritus' means. It means working without pay."

• **ERNE BANKS**, Mr. Cub: "My ultimate dream is to have my own bank, maybe in Paris. I'd call it Banks's Bank on the Left Bank."

• **MIKE SCHMIDT**, Phillies third baseman and National League MVP the last two seasons: "Philadelphia is the only city in the world where you can experience the thrill of victory and the agony of reading about it the next day."

• **TOM LANDRY**, commenting on the fact that he's the only coach the Dallas Cowboys have ever had: "That's one way to look at it. The other is that I haven't had a promotion in 21 years."

• **DONALD DAVIDSON**, Houston Astro executive, extolling Pitcher Joe Mauer's ability to relax: "It takes him an hour and a half to watch 60 Minutes."

• **WILLIE NELSON**, country singer, asked what par is on a golf course he had recently bought near Austin, Texas: "Anything I want it to be. For instance, this hole right here is a par-47—and yesterday I blinded the sucker."

• **JACK BUCK**, St. Louis Cardinal broadcaster, after catching a glimpse of Yan-

kee owner George Steinbrenner's yacht on Tampa Bay: "It was a beautiful thing to behold, with all 36 cars working in unison."

• **JIM PALMER**, Baltimore pitcher, after Manager Earl Weaver was ejected from an exhibition game and replaced by Coach Cal Ripken: "Ripken will finish more games this year than Goose Gosage."

• **STAN JONATHAN**, Boston Bruins left wing and a full-blooded Tuscarora Indian, speaking at a celebrity roast for teammate Wayne Cashman: "It has been quite a while since anybody from my tribe roasted a white man."

• **DICK VERMIL**, the Philadelphia Eagles' workaholic coach, asked at training camp if he was going to watch the royal wedding the next day on television: "The what?"

• **NORM VAN BROCKLIN**, former NFL quarterback and coach and now a pecan farmer in Social Circle, Ga., describing the brain surgery he underwent two years ago: "It was a brain transplant. I got a sportswriter's brain so I could be sure I had one that hadn't been used."

• **HANK STRAM**, dapper ex-NFL coach and current TV and radio color announcer, denying reports that he has 400 suits: "I'm lucky if I own 200."

• **KENNY KING**, Oakland Raider running back, on the effect of the NFL's new ban on the use of stickum by pass receivers: "You'll still see great catches. They just won't be made with the elbows."

• **BRAND COOK**, a publicist for CBS Sports and an ardent football fan, after Bowie Kuhn gave the 52 former Iran hostages lifetime major league baseball passes: "Haven't they suffered enough?"

• **CHERYL KRATZER**, wife of golfer Bill Kratzer, on why they married, divorced and then remarried: "We took a mulligan."

• **PAUL HARVEY**, ABC news commentator, after Jack Nicklaus shot an 83 in the

first round of the British Open: "All my life I've wanted to play golf like Jack Nicklaus, and now I do."

• **DAVID LARNER**, a spokesman for Lloyd's of London, which underwrote most of the \$50 million strike insurance purchased by the major league owners: "Baseball? Rather like rounders, isn't it? Never saw the game myself. But I suppose the underwriters never actually saw the Titanic, either."

• **JOE DIMAGGIO**, reflecting on what his salary might have been in baseball's current free-agent market: "If I were sitting down with George Steinbrenner and based on what Dave Winfield got for his statistics, I'd have to say, 'George, you and I are about to become partners.'"

• **PETE ROSE**, answering criticism that he's un-American because he endorses Japanese products: "If there was ever a war, I'd fight for the United States."

• **ELLIOTT GOULD**, actor and basketball fan, asked the difference between working with the Swedish director Ingmar Bergman and the American director Robert Altman: "Bergman doesn't know who Dave DeBusschere is."

• **GENE MICHAEL**, who was fired in September as the Yankee manager (and rehired in December to manage the Yankees in 1983), asked if owner George Steinbrenner could become a major league manager: "I don't know, but if he does, I want to be the owner."

• **DOROTHY SHULA**, on the career dedication of her husband, the coach of the Miami Dolphins: "I'm fairly confident that if I died tomorrow, Don would find a way to preserve me until the season was over and he had time for a nice funeral."

• **TOM LASORDA**, Dodger manager, after the firing of Laker Coach Paul Westhead: "I got nervous the other day when a friend said he saw Fernando Valenzuela in a restaurant with Magic Johnson."

”

THE YEAR IN SPORTS

In this dream, the Indianapolis 500 takes more than four months to finish. Crazy, no? That's not all: Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali are still fighting Father Time. The best college football team in the land is Clemson, and the San Francisco 49ers and Cincinnati Bengals are in the Super Bowl. Two British guys are marking down the record for the mile as if it were the price on a pair of polyester pants. The middle part of the baseball season is a total blank, but I seem to recall that a Mayan with a screwball casts a spell over North America. I know the whole thing sounds bizarre, but hey, it's only a dream, right?

Contrariwise, we went straight down the rabbit hole in 1981. The sports year just got curiouser and curiouser. But then, as Lewis Carroll, the original lonesome end, concluded in *Through the Looking-Glass*, "Life, what is it but a dream?" (This was later amplified by The Crew Cuts, who sang, "Life could be a dream, sh-boom, sh-boom.")

How else, give us paws, do you explain Clemson, which began its season with a 45-10 victory over the awesome Wofford Terriers, winning the national championship? Why in the world would the NBA champion Boston Celtics pay \$1.75 million for the third baseman of the Toronto Blue Jays? Can it be that these same Blue Jays actually printed playoff tickets?

What was the logic in a baseball

strike that kept box scores out of newspapers for two months and will keep fans away from the ball parks for years to come? Tweedledum, who, by the way, looks not unlike Fernando Valenzuela, knows. "Contrariwise," he says in *Through the Looking-Glass*, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

And so we had Mark Aguirre bawling like the Mock Turtle of Alice in Wonderland after little St. Joseph's of Philadelphia upset DePaul in the NCAA basketball tournament. The Houston Rockets, with as poor a record as any team in the NBA playoffs, extended the Celtics to six games in the finals. Out of the blue came a hockey player, Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky, who towered over everyone.

Too many horses went off in the Kentucky Derby, and the worst-looking one of them all, Pleasant Colony, ended up wearing roses. By the way, his trainer, Johnny Campo, looked not unlike Tweedledee. So, after triumphing in the Preakness, just about everybody thought Pleasant Colony would be the 12th winner of the Triple Crown. Then Summing came around the far turn at Belmont.

The Indianapolis 500 might as well have been the Caucus-race in Alice in Wonderland. At least in that race—you just go round and round, leaving off when you want to, with no start or finish—everybody is declared a winner. So far, Bobby Unser, Mario Andretti and Bobby Unser have won the 1981 Indy.

The spring held other surprises. This pudgy Mexican of Mayan ancestry won eight straight games, baffled batters with a looking-glass pitch and gave rise to something called Fernandezmania. And he kept smiling enigmatically like, well, let's not mix our Carrollian metaphors.

Bjorn Borg would win his sixth straight Wimbledon just as surely as



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL MILLER

there would be baseball on the Fourth of July. But a howling baby, John McEnroe, annoyed nearly everyone in the stadium with his tantrums and then compounded his sins by winning the bloody thing, if only the Caterpillar had been sitting in the umpire's chair, telling him "Keep your temper," everybody would've been happier.

The baseball strike was a Mad Tea Party that left us with the split season and indigestion. Four teams that had no idea they'd won anything were declared champions of the first half. As originally drawn up, the second season presented the possibility of a team losing so that it might win, which makes perfect sense if you're the March Hare. Even when the plan was revised, it had its lunacies: The team with the best record in baseball, Cincinnati, wasn't invited to the postseason party, while Kansas City, which had the 17th best record, was. Through it all, Bowie Kuhn played the Dormouse, falling asleep in the middle of the Tea Party facedown in his teacup.

In the meantime, in Carroll's England, Jack Nicklaus shot an 85 in the British Open, a tournament he's either won or been runner-up in 10 times. Two Englishmen showed a profound disrespect for that most cherished of races, the mile, by breaking the record three times in 10 days.

As the second baseball season drew to a close, a fan tossed a basketball onto the field in front of Danny Ainge, Toronto's third baseman. He later took the hint and joined the Celtics. With two weeks to go, no fewer than 19 teams, including Ainge's Blue Jays, were involved in divisional races.

The World Series had its moments but, quite frankly, it was played as if the Dodgers and Yankees were using flamingos for bats and hedgehogs for balls. When it was over, George



Steinbrenner was perched like Humpty Dumpty, fat and imperious, atop his wall. As Alice said after her encounter with him, "Of all the unsatisfactory people I ever met..."

In college football, the surest way to lose was to be voted the No. 1 team in the country. There were no fewer than six No. 1 teams before Clemson inherited the top spot, and even then, nobody quite believed that a football team from a basketball conference could be the best.

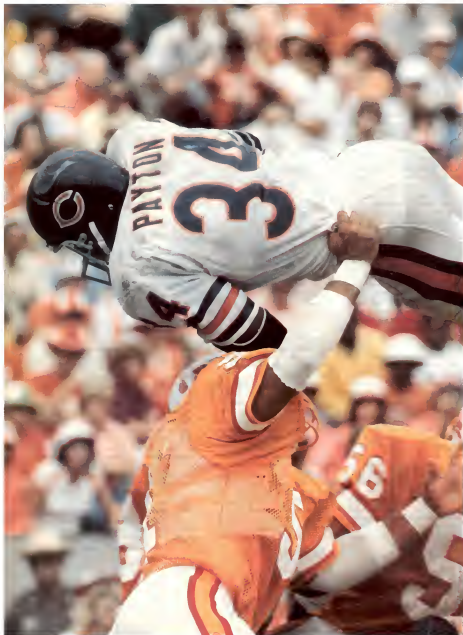
On the pro side of football, those jokes of yesteryear, the Giants, Jets, Bengals and 49ers, made the playoffs, while three of the last four Super Bowl teams, the Raiders, Steelers and Rams, were left wanting. Los Angeles was a particularly curious team to watch, what with the Queen of Hearts, Georgia Rosenbloom Frontiere, declaiming "Off with their

heads" as her Rams went down the tube. All sorts of players and assistant coaches were dispatched while the NFL's only woman owner kept women out of the locker room.

What had parity wrought? The Bengals, wearing those ridiculous helmets, pulled asunder San Diego on a frigid day in Cincinnati to qualify for their first Super Bowl. On a frigid day in San Francisco, the beamish 49ers, who had never before won anything, slew the Jabberwock of Dallas—Calico! Calay! Then under a bubble in Pontiac, Mich., the world watched as San Francisco won Super Bowl XVI, XXVI-XXI.

On, yes, Borg was playing hockey. If you're still not sure all of this really happened, I can't blame you. But as the year fades away, like the Cheshire Cat, I hope you can still see a smile.

—STEVE WULF



PRO FOOTBALL



In the same spectacular fashion that Walter Payton of the Chicago Bears vaults over the Tampa Bay Buccaneers here, the San Francisco 49ers and Cincinnati Bengals went over the top last season. Both teams came off 6-10 records in 1980 to soar over their conferences in 1981. The Bengals changed their stripes, literally and figuratively, with the help of new uniforms and the discipline of Coach Forrest Gregg. They finished 12-4 in the regular season, and then defeated Buffalo and San Diego in the AFC playoffs. The 49ers, masterminded by Coach Bill Walsh and strong-armed by Quarterback Joe Montana, had a 13-3 record, best in the NFL. After beating the Giants—yes, the Giants—in the playoffs, San Francisco defeated Dallas 28-27 on a six-yard touchdown pass from Montana to Dwight Clark with 51 seconds remaining in the NFC championship game. In Super Bowl XVI, played under the Pontiac Silverdome, the 49ers repelled a late Cincinnati charge to prevail 26-21. It was the first championship in the club's 36-year history.

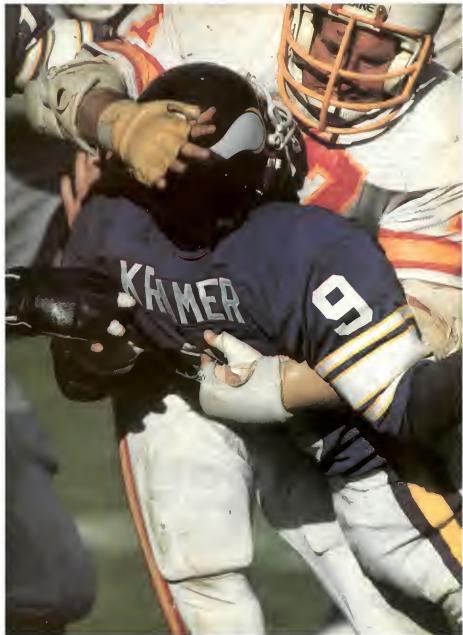
For the first time, both New York teams, the Jets and the Giants, qualified for postseason play. The Giants finished at 9-7 and won their wild-card game with Philadelphia. They even put a scare into the 49ers with this sticky-fingered reception (near right, top) by John Mistler, although they ended up losing 38-24. The Jets were 10-5-1 on the year but lost their wild-card playoff with Buffalo. The Jet defense strips Houston's Earl Campbell of the ball (below), while Kevin Long of the Jets finds himself in a mess of Oilers (far right, bottom). At the far right, top, Clark pulls in the pass that beat Dallas and sent the 49ers to the Super Bowl.





The NFC Central lived up to its reputation as the black-and-blue division. Only Tampa Bay won more games than it lost as the teams kept sacking each other. At the far right, Buccaneer Bill Kollar has Minnesota Quarterback Tommy Kramer in his embrace. Below, the Vikings have Tampa Quarterback Doug Williams in their clutches. The sack was in, too, in the AFC West as, at the near right, Kansas City Quarterback Steve Fuller takes a backseat to the Chargers.





The NFL received an infusion of fresh blood in 1981. The Saints' rookie halfback, George Rogers (bottom right), led all NFL rushers with 1,674 yards and also had the longest run of the year, 79 yards against the Browns. Linebacker Lawrence Taylor (bottom center), tackling Chris Combs of the Cardinals, was the leader of the Giants' defense, a first-team All-Pro, and AP Defensive Player of the Year in his first season.

Defensive End George Martin (below), Taylor's teammate, gives Dallas Quarterback Danny White something to think about. The Jets' Joe Klecko (near right, top) latches on to Bills Quarterback Joe Ferguson. Montana (far right, top) fakes to Running Back Ricky Patton in the Super Bowl game.





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Ken Anderson, the 11-year veteran quarterback, and Cris Collinsworth, his rookie wide receiver, made for quite a pair. Anderson (below) led the AFC in passing and threw for 300 yards in the Super Bowl. Collinsworth (near right, catching an Anderson pass in the Super Bowl), had 67 receptions for 1,009 yards and eight touchdowns.

On the opposite page, San Diego's Chuck Muncie tries to scale the Bills. Then, in their arctic playoff, the Chargers watched a breathtaking touchdown by the Bengals' Don Bass (bottom right). Tony Dorsett of the Cowboys (No. 33) missed out on the rushing title to Rogers by 28 yards.





A SWEET XVI FOR XLIXers

At first, things didn't bode well for the 49ers. On the opening kickoff Famous Amos Lawrence infamously fumbled the ball to the Bengals on his own 26. But Dwight Hicks saved the day when he intercepted Anderson's pass on the five and returned it 27 yards. From there Montana led the 49ers on a 68-yard TD drive, 14 yards thanks to a Walsh concoction called the Triple Pass (Montana to Patton to Freddie Solomon to Montana to Charlie Young).

The Bengals were moving again in the second quarter when Collinsworth fumbled after a 19-yard reception on the San Francisco eight. The 49ers then began the longest drive in Super Bowl history. Earl Co-

per got 25 of the 92 yards on a 14-yard run and the 11-yard touchdown pass. Kicker/accountant Ray Wersching then did his number, baffling Cincinnati with his squib kick-offs and booting two field goals to give San Francisco a 20-0 lead at the half.

Late in the third quarter, Cincinnati, losing 20-7, was at the San Francisco three with a first-and-goal. But that's when the 49ers won the game as the defense, led by linebackers Jack Reynolds and Dan Bunz, held on four downs.

As for last year's Super Bowl teams, well, they fell victim to parity, complacency or something or other. The world champion Oakland Raiders finished an embarrassing 7-9. Philadelphia did make the play-offs, but only as a wild-card team. Even then, the Eagles lost to the other wild card, the Giants. Dallas appeared to be going to its sixth Super Bowl until Montana found Clark in the corner of the end zone.

In the best of the playoff games, San Diego beat Miami 41-38 in overtime after the Dolphins had come back from a 24-0 deficit. But then the Chargers, spent by that effort and frozen by the -59° wind-chill factor in Cincinnati, succumbed to the Bengals 27-7.

And in the battle for the first draft choice, the New England Patriots (2-14) won by losing to the Colts (2-14) 23-21 in the Stupor Bowl. The Colts' only other victory also came against the Patriots.

SI

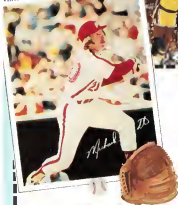


Hits off to Kansas City Halfback Ted McKnight, who survived this collision with the Chargers.

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- ☐ 4280 Pat Haden
- ☐ 4281 Tony Dorsett
- ☐ 4282 Ken Stabler
- ☐ 4283 Roger Staubach
- ☐ 4285 Walter Payton
- ☐ 4288 Franco Harris
- ☐ 4292 Greg Pruitt
- ☐ 4293 Dts Armstrong
- ☐ 4296 Steve Grogan
- ☐ 4297 Bert Jones
- ☐ 4298 Terry Bradshaw

HANG GLIDING

- ☐ 4902 California Dreaming

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- ☐ 7203 Phil Esposito
- ☐ 7204 Dave Maloney

ROCK

- ☐ 5201 Don Gay
- ☐ 5202 J. C. Trullie
- ☐ 5203 Paul Terney
- ☐ 5204 Monty Henson

SKATING

- ☐ 4901 Blue Water
- ☐ 9918 Peggy Fleming
- ☐ 9909 Tai & Randy

SKIING

- ☐ 4301 Ski Touring
- ☐ 4302 Powder Skiing
- ☐ 4303 Free Style Skiing
- ☐ 4304 Sunset Skiing

SOCCER

- ☐ 5100 Giorgio Chinaglia

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Minnesota's Fred Orgas (90) goes heels over head attempting to block a kick by Tom Nichol of Iowa. But talk about topsy-turvy, first Michigan was ranked No. 1, but it lost to Wisconsin. Then No. 1 Notre Dame was beaten by Michigan, after which No. 1 USC was surprised by Arizona, No. 1 Texas was stunned by Arkansas, No. 1 Penn State was shocked by Miami and No. 1 Pitt was astonished by Penn State. At last, the first had to be unbeaten Clemson, but the ACC is so lightly regarded in football circles that the Tigers came into the Orange Bowl as underdogs to the Big Eight's Nebraska. However, Clemson—led on its odyssey by a quarterback named Homer (Jordan) and coached by some kid in a silly baseball cap (Danny Ford)—defeated the Cornhuskers 22-15 to claim its first national championship. In the Big Ten, Iowa earned its first Rose Bowl trip since 1959 but lost to Washington 28-0. Texas startled Alabama 14-12 in the Cotton Bowl, Pitt scuttled Georgia 24-20 in the Sugar and Penn State beat USC 26-10 in the Fiesta.





The collegiate ranks never had a better passer than Jim McMahon (near right). The latest in a long line of outstanding quarterbacks at Brigham Young, McMahon completed his college career with 55 passing or total offense records and tied another. He set career marks for passing yardage (9,536, or approximately 5½ miles!), touchdown passes (84) and passing efficiency (65.3 completions in 1,060 attempts with only 34 interceptions). Not bad for a guy who has only one good eye.

Above at the far right, Washington State Fullback Mike Martin (23) soars against Washington, but his fellow Cougars came to earth as the Huskies rallied to win 23-10 and earn a second straight Rose Bowl trip. Below at the far right, Auburn's George Peoples (22) performs a sleight-of-hand maneuver against Alabama.





Across the top, left to right, UCLA Free Safety Tom Sullivan (32) could not stomach this catch by Southern Cal Wide Receiver Timmy White; Pitt Halfback Bryan Thomas found himself trapped by West Virginia Mountaineers, and Georgia Tailback Herschel Walker added to his legend with 1,891 yards rushing and 18 touchdowns. And the Top Dawg still has two more years to go. Below, Texas Receiver Herkie Walls made the Tide blush crimson with this dash with a pass in the Cotton Bowl.





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here at
the Design
Center."**

JACK TELNACK
Exec. Director, Design

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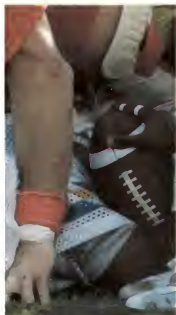
Wide Receiver Rocky Belk helped Miami (Florida) finish at 9-2, but the Hurricanes had to grin and bear their NCAA probation.

The numbers to remember about 1981 were 315 and 2,000. The 315 stood for the number of victories Alabama Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant (near right, top) needed to exceed the win total of the immortal Amos Alonzo Stagg—not that the Bear wasn't already immortal. That figure inspired all sorts of songs and souvenirs, and on Nov. 28 the number was Bryant's as the Tide defeated arch-rival Auburn 28-17.

The 2,000 was the milestone that USC's Marcus Allen (far right, top) ran past on Nov. 14 against Washington. On that day the senior tailback became the first collegian to rush for more than 2,000 yards in a single season. All told, Allen rushed for a grand total of 2,342 yards, surpassing the record of 1,948 set by Tony Dorsett of Pitt.

There was also the number 1, and that belonged to Clemson, which gained national attention by beating North Carolina 10-8 and getting its paws all over Kelvin Bryant (far right, bottom). Pitt Safety Tom Flynn (top center) stutter-steps on a punt return. Notre Dame Split End Joe Howard (near right, bottom) reflects the frustration of the Irish, who suffered their first losing season since 1963.



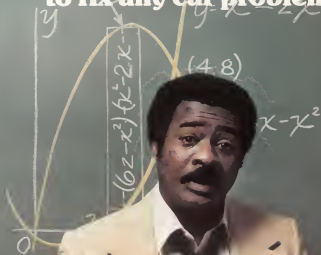


At the right, Penn State Split End Kevin Baugh (11) jukes a couple of Miami defenders, although the Nittany Lions, then ranked No. 1, couldn't dodge a 17-14 loss to the Hurricanes. Below, Southern Mississippi Fullback Neal Alexander (38) joins Guard Dale Rife (74) and Center Bill Mann (52) in a scramble for a pass deflected by the Louisville defense. At the far right, Stanford Safety Vaughn Williams (45) tries to pounce on San Jose State Tailback Gerald Wilhite.





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Larry Parrish of the Montreal Expos narrowly avoids being hit by a batted ball on his way to second in a year replete with close calls in baseball. The season itself was saved in the 11th hour when both sides in the bitter seven-week strike came to an agreement. The World Series was nearly played in chilly Canada for the first time, but Rick Monday's ninth-inning homer gave Los Angeles a 2-1 victory over the Expos in the fifth game of their NL championship series. New York Yankee owner George Steinbrenner escaped from a Los Angeles elevator with his life and a story about hurting his hand defending New York's honor. He did better than his Yankees, who fell in six games to the Dodgers. The split season created a situation in which the Cincinnati Reds, who had the best regular-season record, didn't make the playoffs. Actually, Cincinnati came very close. Had the Reds won a May 26 game rained out in the third inning with them leading the Giants 6-0, they would have tied the Dodgers for the first half of the NL West pennant.

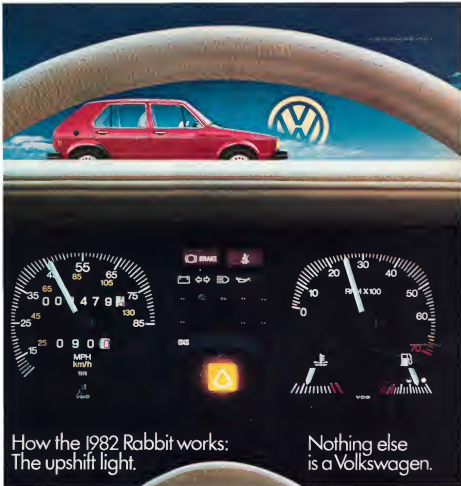
The Brewers had the Yankees up against the fence in the AL East playoffs, but Catcher Rick Cerone, shown at the right snaring a Brewer foul tip, responded to a tongue-lashing from Steinbrenner, first with an indelicate command and then with a home run in New York's fifth-game victory. The Yankees were nothing if not quarrelsome. At a victory party celebrating their subsequent sweep of the A's, Craig Nettles fought with Reggie Jackson. In the first two games of the World Series, Nettles put on a fielding extravaganza, with plays such as the one on the opposite page. The joke went that the only thing Nettles had dropped during the week was Reggie Jackson. Andre Dawson of the Expos (right bottom) didn't drop many in center.





Oakland A's Catcher Mike Heath jumps for joy after the Royals' John Wathan makes the last out of the AL divisional series. Below, Pitcher Jerry Reuss and Catcher Steve Yeager combine to force Bob Watson at home in the fourth inning of Game 5 of the Series. The two Dodgers were the heroes of their 2-1 victory. Reuss with his five-hitter, Yeager with the game-winning home run off Ron Guldry.





How the 1982 Rabbit works: The upshift light.

People drive cars with stick shifts for two reasons. They're fun. And, they're economical.

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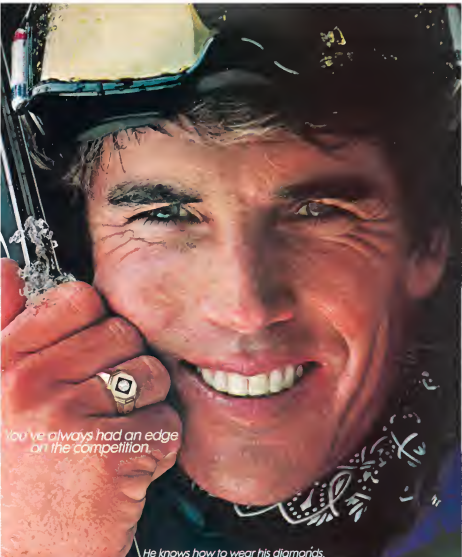
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Fernando Valenzuela, the best thing to happen to baseball in 1981, looks to *El Gran Dodger* on *el Cielo* before delivering his screwball in the World Series.



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He knows how to wear his diamonds.

Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about \$400. The ring shown is available for about \$950. Prices may vary.

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Steve Garvey deep-sixed the Expos with his two-run homer in the eighth inning of the Dodgers' 7-1 victory in the fourth game of the NL championships. Heroics were performed all season by the two league MVPs: Rollie Fingers (below left) had 28 saves and a hairy 1.04 ERA to lead the Brewers into the post-season for the first time; Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt had 31 homers and 91 RBIs, statistics that would have been impressive even if it were a full season.



When you really get it all together.



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Two Johns pitched for the Yankees in their first home playoff game with the Brewers. Tommy John started, but his two-year-old son Travis, who had recovered from a near-tragic fall during the summer, threw out the first ball as his mother, Sally, and Reggie offered encouragement. Below, the three Steves—Howe, Yeager and Garvey—salute the Dodgers' victory in the Series



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The other rookie sensation in the National League was Tim Lincecum of the Mariners, who forged new base paths in stealing. Dave Winfield turned corners, monetary and otherwise, playing his first season in The Big Apple



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LOOK OUT WORLD HERE COMES FORD



ONE BALL, ONE STRIKE

Their infield was too old, their bullpen too young, and they were a bunch of crybabies who couldn't win the big one. Those discouraging words were heard after the Dodgers lost the first two games of the World Series, 5-3 and 3-0. But Los Angeles, it turned out, had miles and miles and miles of heart for the damn Yankees. L.A. had faced three must-win games against Houston in the NL West playoff and two against Montreal in the NL championships.

Back home, Valenzuela, the sensation of two nations, survived a shaky start to pitch the Dodgers to a 5-4 victory. The fourth game "wasn't your basic Picasso," according to Monday, but, painting by the num-

bers, Los Angeles won 8-7. In Game 5, Reuss duelled with Guldry until the seventh, when Pedro Guerrero and Yeager hit back-to-back homers for a 2-1 win and a 3-2 edge in games heading back to New York, where, of course, the Dodgers never win. But after a day of rain, they drenched the Yankees 9-2 to avenge Series defeats in 1977 and '78. Not even a graceless apology to New Yorkers by Steinbrenner after the game could spoil the Dodgers' victory party.

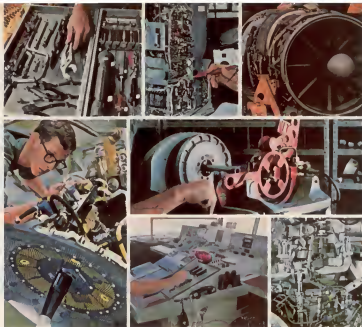
A preventable strike not only cost baseball 59 days and 714 games, but also soured the fans and gave birth to an ill-conceived split season. The Yankees, A's, Phillies and Dodgers won the first-half titles, and the Brewers, Royals, Expos and Astros won the second half. In the league championships, New York deflated Oakland's Billyball, while the Dodgers protected the Commissioner from Expo-sure.

Valenzuela gained the Rookie of the Year and Cy Young awards. Another rookie, Raines of the Expos, stole 50 bases in his first 55 games. Schmidt had an MVP year for the Phillies with a .316 average, 31 homers and 91 RBIs. Fingers of the Brewers became the first reliever to win both the Cy Young Award and the MVP. Len Barker pitched a perfect game for the Indians, and Houston's Nolan Ryan had a record fifth no-hitter. And Philadelphia's 40-year-old phenomenon, Pete Rose, passed Stan Musial and is headed for Ty Cobb on the all-time hit parade.

SI



Is it utterly ridiculous to think Gaylord Perry can milk three more victories to reach 500?



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to take advantage
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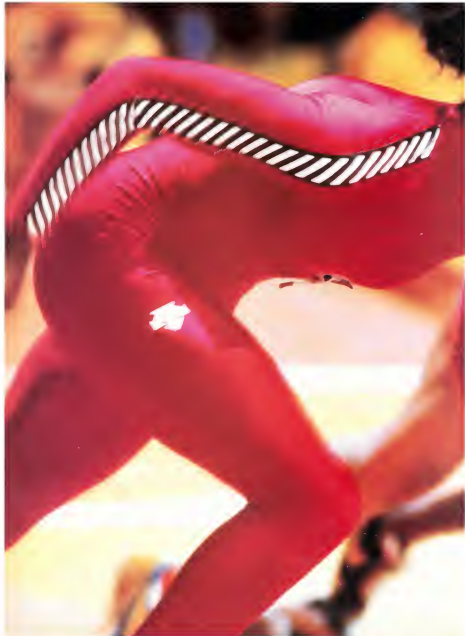
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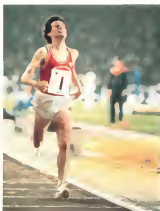


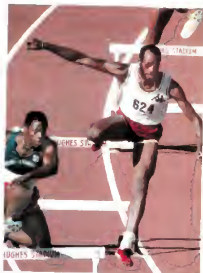
TRACK & FIELD

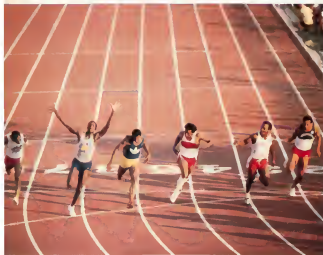
Evelyn Ashford caused quite a sensation in her colorful, skintight racing suits, but then, the track-and-field year was crowded with sensations. Ashford lowered her own U.S. record in the 100 meters and won both the 100 and 200 meters at the World Cup in Rome. In August, Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett, the English middle-distance marvels, made an unprecedented assault on the most magical of all records, the mile. Coe also lowered the 800 record from 1:42.40 to 1:41.72. Carl Lewis, only 19, revived memories of his idol, Jesse Owens, by winning track and field events in three national championship meets. Edwin Moses and Renaldo Nehemiah continued their remarkable dominance of the hurdles. Thierry Vigneron of France became the first pole vaulter to clear 19 feet. Ben Plucknett shattered the world record in the discus by close to four feet (237' 4"), but then had his own world shattered by being suspended for using steroids. All in all, 1981 was an extraordinary year and, like Ashford, it went past in a swift, bright blur.

The night before the Golden Mile in Brussels on Aug. 28, Coe received a call from his sister, Miranda, who was upset because his week-old mile record had just been broken by Ovett. "Look, the record is on a carousel right now," Coe told her, "I'll have a turn tomorrow." Coe grabbed the brass ring the next day. With Tom Byers pacing him and Mike Bolt pushing from behind, Coe (near right) kicked, with 200 meters to go, and crossed the finish line in 3:47.33, disappearing into a crowd of officials and photographers. He had shaved more than a second off the mark that Ovett (adjacent to Coe) had set two days before. In a 10-day span, the two men had broken the record three times.

Vaulter Vigneron (opposite page, top left) also knows just how fleeting a record can be. On June 20 he cleared 19' 1/2", but seven days later Vladimir Polyakov of the Soviet Union topped him by half an inch. The redoubtable Moses (opposite, top right) extended his unbeaten streak in the 400-meter hurdles to 71 races, and Nehemiah (opposite, bottom) lowered his 110-meter record to 12.93. James Robinson (below right) renewed his credentials as America's premier half-miler.







Plucknett (top left) set two world records in the discus, only to have them disallowed after failing to pass a drug test. Lewis performed his double double in the long jump (above) and the 100 meters (below left) at the NCAA and TAC championships.

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RECORDS AND REQUIESCAT

Brussels sorouted the big record, but Coe got the carousel moving with a world-record 3:48.53 mile in Zurich on Aug. 19. Seven days later in Koblenz, West Germany, Ovett regained the mark with a 3:48.40. Coe's 3:47.33 two days later was achieved in only his third mile in the last three years—and he has set a record in each. He also improved his own world mark in the 800 with an astonishing 1:41.72 on June 10 in Florence, cutting a whopping .61 off the previous record.

The indoor mile record fell, as well, as Eamonn Coghlan lowered his own mark by two seconds to 3:50.6 on Feb. 20 in San Diego at the Jack in the Box Invitational mile—talk about fast

food. Steve Scott erased Jim Ryun's last two American records in the mile and 1,500, both of which had stood for 14 years. Scott ran the mile in 3:49.68 and the 1,500 in 3:31.96; he also broke Rudy Chapa's U.S. record in the 3,000 with a time of 7:36.69. Henry Rono set a world record of 13:06.20 in the 5,000, surpassing his old mark by more than two seconds.

Not only did Lewis, a sophomore at the University of Houston, become the first since Jesse Owens to win events in both track and field at a national championship, but he also ran the fastest sea-level 100 meters in history (10.00) and had the longest non-altitude long jump ever (28' 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " which was second only to Bob Beamon's 29' 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "). A passel of U.S. records was set. Ashford reduced her time in the 100 meters from 10.97 to 10.90. Triple-jumper Willie Banks broke or tied the mark in his event five times, stretching it more than a foot beyond the old record to 57' 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". And Pam Spencer broke the women's high jump record twice, with 6' 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " being her best.

There were great records and great victories, but there was also a great shadow caused by the death on March 22 of James (Jumbo) Elliot, the Villanova track coach for more than 46 years. "There's really a loneliness and emptiness here today without Jumbo," said Coghlan, one of his former runners. Said Villanova's Sydney Maree, "We can still hear him, even though he's not with us." **SI**



Brian Ogilvie, 36 but forever young, put the shot farther than anyone else in 1981: 72' 3"

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Coach of 1980 U.S. Olympic Wrestling Team

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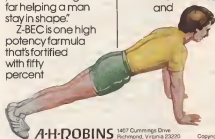
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Ten Burning Memories

Sports Illustrated writers recall the moments that moved them most in the sports year past

A gander at Goose

by William Nack

A sparkling fresh summer afternoon, a nearly deserted baseball field in Colorado Springs, with the sun shining in the upper deck, Pikes Peak rising in the distance and Cheyenne Mountain unimpaired down the rightfield line. Standing on the mound and looking something like a landmark himself is Goose Gossage—snorting and sweating and firing baseball after baseball to Steve Gossage, his brother Jack's son.

Goose is dressed in his Yankee pinstripe pants, a rubber jacket and his baseball cleats. He's wearing his pitching face, that slightly wide-eyed mask he puts on whenever he's working. Gossage is home in the Springs on this late June day because the baseball strike has put him out of work, and still he's straddling the mound as he has for 20 summers past. You can take the game from the boy but not the boy from the game.

Gossage has been working out almost daily to keep his arm loose and his motion grooved for the day the strike ends and the season begins anew. At this moment he's finished warming up and ready to "bring it,"

as they say. He is fingering the ball on the mound, when he glances over at you and says, "You want to stand in there for a while?"

"Sure," you say. You feel slightly uneasy without a batting helmet on top of your head and you wonder how in the hell you got into this, but you set down your notebook and head for the batter's box, forgetting the bat.

"The bat," Goose says.

"Oh, yeah," you say, "the bat."

Actually, you and the bat are merely props. You are forbidden to swing, for Steve isn't wearing any protective gear—except for the catcher's mitt—and a foul tip could maim or sterilize him. You're planning to write about the Goose, and in the interests of journalism he has offered to let you stand in there so you can see and feel what it's like from the hitter's point of view. That's how you got yourself into this.

You're standing there with the bat on your shoulder, slightly back in the box, ready to dive or ball out, when Gossage nods and you nod back and he goes into his motion. Holy Pikes Peak! He turns so that he's half-facing leftfield and all you see is his back and you think about what so many batters say they think at this moment: Does he really know where the ball is going? Too late to worry about that now.



Illustrations by John Aicardi

Unraveling, he begins his delivery. Arms and legs are flying every which way when all at once the left leg kicks and the right arm whips out of nowhere and you look for the right hand so you can pick up the ball. You pick it up briefly, then lose it in the tangle of motion, and you freeze. There is a 95-mph blur shoulder high that whistles past and goes pop in Steve's glove. You ball out late and end up standing out of the box.

"I didn't see it," you say to Steve. He smiles and flips the ball back to the mound. Some high school players have wandered by to watch the Goose and you look at them and roll your eyes and laugh, but Gossage isn't laughing. He looks at you as if you're Yaz, and so you step back in the box, carefully. Four or five fastballs later you begin to pick it up better, following the ball from his hand to the plate, and the sight is at once fearful, fascinating and exhilarating. The velocity of the ball is vaguely hypnotic, but that's only part of its curious effect.

The most unforgettable impression of all is the ball's palpable aliveness, despite Gossage's assertion that it's lacking its usual pop. There is that, and the illusion that such movement seems to create. As it nears the plate, the ball takes off, and the illusion is of the ball suddenly accelerating, as if it had a booster stage that kicked in at the final moment.

You're just getting adjusted to the fastball when Gossage says, "Breaking ball." It appears to be heading toward your left elbow, and then it snakes right, but not before you have begun to ball out again. Strike! The school kids chortle, but let 'em. Some things are

worth being made to feel like a damned fool over. This is one. Some 30 pitches later, Gossage strolls off the mound.

"That's it," he says. He walks over to the plate.

"Think you could have hit any of 'em?" he says.

"No," you say.

Alone amid the throng

by Kenny Moore

There were two great world records set in 1981. Sebastian Coe ran 1:41.72 for 800 meters and Alberto Salazar did 2:08:13 for the marathon. Coe ran over the smooth synthetic track in Florence, Italy, and his record, which was a full .68 faster than the previous mark, astonished even him. Salazar ran over the cracked and buckled streets of New York City, after predicting that he would break Derek Clayton's 12-year-old standard of 2:08:34. This observer gaped at Coe's prodigious performance. But at the end of Salazar's he cried.

Being so moved means that the event has touched something acutely personal: one's own struggle, or loves or hates, or irrationality. As Salazar moved away from his closest challengers on First Avenue, with nine miles to go, I was just ahead, wedged among photographers in a truck. As I had been twice an Olympian at this distance, it was natural that I felt a powerful identity with Salazar's attempt. Moreover, we both live in

continued

1982 Mazda 626. Just one look and you

The more you look at the finest road cars in the world, the more you like the Mazda 626 Sport Coupe.

There are many similarities between the Mazda 626 and the BMW 320i. But as you begin to study these two exceptional road cars, one major difference stands out.



The 626 stands for exceptional value.

It's also an exceptional automobile. The 626 handles like a sports car. Rides like a full-size car. Looks like an expensive European road car. And gets gas mileage like an economy car.

37 27 The 626 is an engaging mixture of sophistication and sport. A car that is quick and precise through turns. Yet roomy and comfortable through long trips.

Performance and handling come from a 2.0 litre overhead cam engine, 5-speed transmission, and front suspension and steering systems adapted from the Mazda RX-7 sports car.

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Proof that among the world's fine road cars, the Mazda 626 Sport Coupe not only stands out. But stands alone as a remarkable value.

"HIGH SWIRL MEANS IMPROVED PERFORMANCE."

The 2-litre, 4-cylinder, overhead cam engine has an aluminum cross-flow cylinder head with a hemispherical combustion chamber. The intake port in the cylinder head is S-shaped to produce "high swirl"



air collection in the fuel/air mixture. This leads to improved atomization, resulting in a faster, more stable combustion process. Atomization is also enhanced by the unique carburetor design, which allows the fuel to enter the airstream

Source: Automotive Engineering, Mazda Motor Corp.

weight atom sprays in the air, large one.

A fully transistorized ignition system also contributes to combustion stability.

These meticulous refinements help the 626 meet the conflicting demands of low exhaust emissions, good performance, and excellent fuel economy.



A ROAD CAR THAT KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE THE ROAD.

Impeccable road manners come standard with every Mazda 626 Sport Coupe. Its behavior on curves is especially impressive.

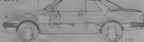
The 626 owes its superb handling characteristics, in part, to its almost perfect balance. 51% of its weight rests on the front

wheels, 49% on the rear. And the 626's center of gravity is just 20.3 inches off the ground.

A most effective way to judge how well a car adheres to the road dur-

ing cornering is to put it on a circular skidpad and measure the amount of lateral g force it can withstand before losing adhesion.

In skidpad tests conducted over the last two years by *Road & Track* magazine, the Mazda 626 achieved a higher score for lateral acceleration (0.760 g) than any other road car in its class.



626 626i near perfect balance. helps it hug the road

re its exceptional value versus BMW 320i.

ENGINEERED FOR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE.

Aerodynamic efficiency contributes to a car's performance. So the Mazda 626 was designed to reduce air turbulence, alter the slant of its grille to the shape of its rear window. No wonder the 626 achieves a low drag coefficient of 0.39. (The

Nissan RX-7's coefficient is 0.41.)

The accompanying graph shows the sort of performance you have every right to expect in a world-class road car.



STANDARD FEATURES ON THE MAZDA 626.

- 2.0 litre overhead cam 4-cylinder engine
- Power-assisted front disc brakes • Steel-belted radial tires • 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Full-width velour upholstery • AM/FM stereo radio • 60/40 split fold-down rear seat backs

- Orthopedically contoured reclining front bucket seats with adjustable headrests • Remote trunk release • Front and rear stabilizer bars
- Tinted glass • Electric rear window defroster • Reminder chime for headlights left on • Three position lumbar support for driver's seat-back plus seat-cushion angle adjustment



- Soft-grip steering wheel
- Front door map pockets
- Dual electric remote-control sideview mirrors
- Tachometer • 8-function electronic check panel
- All this and more.



LISTEN TO ALL THE QUIET.

Mazda engineers have gone to great lengths to make the 626 a quiet car in which to ride. For example, the floor pan is spherically curved to reduce resonance. This helps cut down the amount of engine, drivetrain, and road noise transmitted to the pas-

senger compartment.

Various multi-layered sound-deadening materials are applied to the floor and firewall areas to block noise even further.

The aerodynamically-shaped body of the 626 also contributes to a quiet interior by reducing the sound of the wind as it rushes past the windows and pillars.

THE MAZDA 626 HAS VERY HIGH RESALE VALUE.

According to the Kelley Blue Book, Nov.-Dec. 1981, the 1979 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe has retained 99.0% of its original suggested retail price.

1979 MODEL

Mazda 626 Sport Coupe
MSRP: \$21,100
2-Door Sedan
Sport Coupe
1.1 Coupe
1.1 Coupe
1.1 Coupe

RETAINED VALUE

60%	70%	80%
99.0%	99.0%	99.0%
104.4%	104.4%	104.4%
84.6%	84.6%	84.6%
85.5%	85.5%	85.5%

Source: Kelley Blue Book, Nov.-Dec. 1981

*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for 626 Sport Coupe. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 626 Sport Coupe. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options, destination charge, wheels \$350-\$400 and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

1982 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe **\$7545****

mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

the same town, Eugene, Ore. I had watched Salazar progress, inexorably, intelligently, from an awkward, promising college freshman to a supreme craftsman, and I knew him to be unspoiled by his success, a good man.

The crowds were deep and volatile, shoving to see. People with flags or cans of beer ran out for an instant's exposure on television, perhaps exposing more than they knew. Several were startled to find that they couldn't stay with Salazar even by sprinting. Motorcycle police tried to keep the crowds at bay. Their machines' thick blue exhaust rolled over Salazar, causing him occasionally to wince and hold his breath, his cheeks puffed for a stride or two.

Never in an Olympic or Fukuoka or Boston or even in a New York Marathon of previous years had the leader run through such infuriating distractions. Morbid thoughts came to the observer, about how the pressure of numbers and massed attention had deformed and demeaned many other things, among them the Olympics themselves. And now this simple, elemental pursuit had been made fashionable, and so was in danger. It was hardly fanciful to see in the rutted streets and unruly crowd an extension of the scarred soul of the modern city, its selfishness, its absence of community, its people always pushing, pushing.

Salazar ignored all of that. Instead, he spent his energy on keeping his promise. "It's hard to describe the tiredness," he would say later. "It's an invading kind of pain, gradually taking over your body. Your will to continue driving yourself keeps seeping away."

Against this he thought of his origins, his family, his

coaches, all those who had given him quiet words of encouragement in the weeks before the race. His run became an assertion of the strength of community. "Had it not been for them," he would say, "there's a good chance I'd have eased off, just gone for the win."

What he in fact did went far beyond winning, beyond any demonstration of mastery. It was an act of unstinting discovery, and it stung the observer's conscience. The fundamental significance of this world record, it seemed then, is that we watchers were all inferior, not because we haven't run as fast, but because we haven't tried as hard, been as loyal.

Alberto finished with consummate relief. That was when I wept, out of some personal understanding of what he had willed himself to, and out of a clear sense that it was wrong for me, a runner, to be there on a truck of quarrelsome photographers, watching. I saw that while it might sometimes be good to contribute one's experience and eye and language toward making Salazar's achievement understandable to a wide audience, for this runner that must inevitably be a frustrating, contradictory undertaking. The audience is so wide now that it threatens to choke the race. I found myself choosing sides, torn between serving Salazar or the watching throng.

Two weeks later, Paul Olum, the president of the University of Oregon, in welcoming Salazar back to Eugene, said, "We can do him no honor. Instead, by Alberto's presence, we are honored." And, he might have added, humbled.

I, for one, won't be watching next year's New York Marathon. I probably will be on a long run in a forest in Oregon, away from the crowd.

A chip off the old block

by Paul Zimmerman



I watched No. 45, the middle linebacker on the blue and white team, hand fight the blocker and slide into the hole and catch the ball carrier, knee high, with a low, clean tackle. Second and 12. I wanted to run out on the field and spin him around and say, "Hey, where did you learn that?"

No. 45 was my 9½-year-old son, Michael. The blue and whites were the Denville, N.J., Blue Angels Super Peewees. They were playing Chester and that was the first time I'd ever seen my son in action on a football field and nothing I've watched in 23 years of covering sports has meant more to me.

Did I want him to play football? Well, yes, but not at the pee wee level. There's something wrong with adults telling 9-year-olds how to play, something wrong with lining up these kids and saying, "You're

continued

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value. There you'll find a three-passenger seat detailed in textured vinyl. New instrumentation with electronic check panel. And handsomely trimmed door panels complete with armrests.

You can also believe this

truck is built to haul a heavy payload—1400 pounds of it. Even so, its 2-litre, 4-cylinder engine delivers outstanding fuel economy.

38 27

If you still find it all a little hard to believe, we invite you to visit your Mazda dealer for a close-up look at the B2000 Sundowner.

Seeing is believing.

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the more you like.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for B2000 Sundowner Standard. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges not included. Price may change without notice. In addition, all dealers will include specific features that vary. **1982 EPA estimates for comparative purposes: for B2000 Sundowner Standard, 38 mpg city, 27 mpg highway; for Toyota pickup, 24 mpg city, 31 mpg highway; for Datsun pickup, 24 mpg city, 31 mpg highway. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Load capacity limited, distribution not uniform. Always use proper tie-down technique.



first string, you're second string." That's on one side of my brain. The other side says that if there had been a pee-wee program when I was a kid, you bet I'd have been in it. In a minute. When Michael asked me if he could play, I said sure, "but don't get upset if you're not on the first team, and if you're not having fun, don't be afraid to leave it."

So there I was, sitting in the stands with my blocks and cigar, watching him play middle linebacker on defense and left tackle on offense. I don't know how he learned to make those low, formful tackles. It was a revelation. I don't know how he picked up another trademark, this one on offense, a knack of sort of cocking his body before he went into his block and then firing out. He'd asked me what you do when you block somebody, and I told him to "wire yourself to the guy. Pretend you're glued to him. Keep your feet moving and always keep them under you."

He didn't do that. It was too much, all at once. But what he did was deliver a good initial shot. I didn't learn that until I was in college. It was instinct with him. What did I feel? Words can't describe it.

On defense he was having trouble with the guard coming out. The kid was tackling him—illegally—an NFL technique. Mike couldn't handle that. He didn't know what to do.

"But, Daddy, it was against the rules," he said.

I looked at my boy. Wide-eyed, serious. A game has rules. How could somebody break them? I didn't tell him to raise his knee when the guy ducked his head for the tackle, to make the other guy pay for it. He

doesn't need me to educate him about the nasty side of life.

A while later I saw John Madden at a game. "What does Number 45 mean to you?" I said.

"Second-string halfback," he said. "Blond-haired guy out of a school like, oh, Richmond. Hard worker. Marginal talent."

"What number goes with tackle on offense, middle linebacker on defense?" I said.

"Only one, Number 70."

I relayed the information to Mike. He shook his head solemnly.

"No, Daddy," he said. "Next year I'm going to ask for Number 77. That was your number."

When it rains...

by Robert H. Boyle

Late one May evening in the western Adirondacks, Dr. Ernest W. Marshall, a geologist, suggested that we drive up to Big Moose to see Bill Marleau, a New York State forest ranger. I had been interviewing scientists about acid precipitation, but Marshall said, "You have to talk to Marleau. He's spent his life here, he has insights no one else has, and he speaks from the heart."

Marleau sat in an armchair in his small frame house and recounted the losses he attributed to acid precipitation. His old fishing hole, Woods Lake, no longer had fish. The lake was acid. "Almost everything is down," he said. "Acid rain affects the birds that feed on fish, the furbearing animals that feed on fish. The way I look at it, everything in nature is dependent on food, and when you reduce the food supply of those birds and animals, it affects other birds and animals that aren't directly dependent on aquatic insects and fish." Marleau listed the animals, birds and insects that were low in numbers or had disappeared, and his litany was a long one. It included snowshoe rabbits, foxes, deer, porcupines, frogs, salamanders, crayfish, kingfishers, ospreys, gulls, loons, grackles, otters, blackbirds, blue jays, hermit thrushes, song sparrows, white-throated sparrows, swallows, mayflies, damselflies and mosquitoes. In late August, when the swallows gather near the old railroad station in McKeever, Marleau used to see a thousand on the phone wires. The last time he counted there were 18.

After we left, Marshall said, "There are a lot of fishermen and hunters and people like Marleau in the Adirondacks who live close to the land, and they have one inheritance to pass on to their children—the natural legacy. That legacy has been destroyed, and it's being destroyed in the Great Smokies, New England, Canada and places we don't even know about yet."

The stretch for home

by Clive Gammon

The date was Saturday, May 2 and the city was Louisville, Ky. And I would have to be crazy, would I not, after handing out such powerful clues as those, to offer a (theoretical) case of French champagne to the person who guessed what made it the most festive, most radiant day of the whole sporting year for me. It was Kentucky Derby Day 1981, of course—Johnny Campo's day and red roses all the way at Churchill Downs for Pleasant Colony.

Sorry, though. Nice try, but no champagne. My great sporting moment in Louisville happened just about six hours before the band started playing *My Old Kentucky Home*. My thoughts were 3,500 miles or so to the east. And I can still feel the thrill of the sporting experience I had that morning on, of all places, the roof of the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Louisville.

I would almost risk betting another case of champagne on the fact that I was the only person in Louisville on May 2 who was aware that Derby Day coincided with the last day of the regular English soccer season, and a whole truckload of bubbly on another that no one in Louisville except me knew it was possible that morning for a Welsh club playing in the English league to achieve a unique glory.

And so, at about 11 a.m. on Derby Day, I comprised an audience of one up there on the roof of the Hyatt, just me and my radio, as the old song goes. The radio

was one of those new miniature shortwave sets which, with some desperation, I was trying to tune to the BBC's World Service, which around that hour was to put out its sports roundup, the time being, of course, late afternoon in England.

I fiddled my way past Radio Moscow and an Australian voice saying, "And now, hello and welcome to our listeners in Papua, New Guinea," and I finally got the BBC. I knew that if my batteries didn't run out and conditions in the ionosphere held steady, I would finally get the score I wanted.

Wanted? If it had been possible, I would have stopped time right there, with Swansea City forever on the verge of making history. If Swansea lost—well, it would be an exaggeration to say that being on the roof of the Hyatt Hotel was mighty convenient, but the pain would be hard to bear.

Swansea City, you see, is my hometown club, a team that in the days when I watched it regularly was one of the most inept in the fourth division of the league. Seven years ago, indeed, it was the worst of all the 92 teams in the English League. Every time it produced a good player he was sold, except in the case of Giorgio Chinaglia—as a teen-ager living in Wales, Chinaglia was let go, without a fee, for lack of aggression and thrust, as the club put it at the time.

And then, a little more than four years ago, things began to change. A new coach, John Toshack, was recruited from Liverpool. He brought with him a handful of veteran players deemed to be overage by his old club, and Swansea began to climb.

Not slowly, either. In his first season Toshack had Swansea out of the fourth and into the third division. A year later Swansea was promoted to the second division, and suddenly on Sunday mornings I found myself rushing out early to get *The New York Times*, which publishes British soccer results. Pretty soon I was finding I couldn't wait for Sunday, which is why I bought the radio.

And the position now, this May 2, 1981, was that if Swansea, playing on the road against Preston up in the north of England in its last game of the season, won, then it would be promoted to the first division—the fastest journey from fourth to first that any club had ever made.

On the roof of the Hyatt I reckoned I had 15 minutes to wait for the results. The shortwave signal was fading ominously, but I could still hear the voice of the commentator well enough—oddly, he happened to be a first cousin of mine, name of Peter Jones, and, like myself, from Swansea.

Which turned out to be the reason why I was put out of my agony sooner than I would have dared expect. The color man cut in suddenly.

continued



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"Some good news for you, Peter," he said. "Preston 1, Swansea 3."

So there it was. And later that day, if I could have got near him, I'd have given Johnny Campo a cigar Pleasant Colony, too.

Man-for-man coverage

by Rick Tealander

I knew Oakland Quarterback Jim Plunkett was shy and guarded around people he didn't know. To break the ice at our first interview, I decided I would tell him that we had once played football against each other, which we had, at the 1971 Coaches All-America Game in Lubbock, Texas. I assumed he wouldn't remember me (no one remembers defensive backs), but I felt that, by bringing up our shared experience, I might remove certain barriers between us.

I reminded Plunkett of the game. I told him I had even intercepted one of his passes during it. (This was true, though I mentioned it only for ironic, even humorous, purposes. Obviously, I had never been a threat to Plunkett's career.)

Plunkett shrugged. He may have sighed.

"One of many," he said of the interception. The discussion was over. The barriers hadn't moved an inch. Plunkett, like an increasing number of pro athletes, doesn't want to be bothered by the press. It was clear during my entire stay in the Bay Area that Plunkett didn't want to talk to me, that he was doing so only out of courtesy. Like other athletes, Plunkett has grown weary of being analyzed in print, of having certain things in his past brought up again and again. "If I ask you anything you've never been asked before, will you let me know?" I said. "I will," he replied. I never did.

In my story on Plunkett, the 1981 Super Bowl MVP and NFL Comeback Player of the Year, I described him as "brooding." I have since learned that Plunkett didn't like that description, and maybe he is justified.

Is he brooding? Brooding is an adjective, a judgement. The word means "pondering in a troubled or morbid way." Plunkett seemed like a brooding individual to me. But the judgement was mine.

In a sense, what that means is that I am more responsible for a certain public's opinion of Plunkett than he is. This is a big power for a sportswriter to have.

I have never been a star athlete whose story was covered by the media. And if I were, I'm not sure that I would talk openly with reporters, or let them close enough to make judgements about me. You can only gain so much, but you can lose a lot. A brooding Jim Plunkett made me think of this.



Strings attached

by Ron Fimnte

If I do say so myself, my son and I are good friends. Pals even, the way dads and kids are supposed to be. We go to ball games together, drink beer together, even double date. I loan him money and he spends it. It's a nice relationship, with just one hitch—racquetball. Now that's a game I started playing about the time he was born 22 years ago. I played it long before it became a national craze, the newest "fastest growing sport." I played it when no one knew what the hell it was. I was at my peak in the game at a time when no one appreciated what it was. I was at a peak in—a true unsung hero. I am at the stage now, regrettably, where I might charitably be called a "canny court tactician," that sort of thing.

My son took up the game when he entered college some four years ago. He couldn't beat me. He was and is faster, quicker, stronger and has far greater stamina. But he couldn't beat me. He'd finish first runner-up and such in school tournaments. But he couldn't beat the old man.

In time racquetball created something of a crack in our smooth friendship. I'd even throw a game now and then just to patch things up, but he'd see what I was doing and get even angrier. So I'd just go out and beat him. It drove him, as it were, up the wall. The shrinks tell us that we must at some point symbolically slay our fathers in order to achieve our own manhood. My

continued

son had the tool to slay me—a sawed-off racquet—but, try as he might, he couldn't bring off the prescribed patricide.

I lived on, pot-bellied and bandy-legged, sweat pouring in Niagaras from my ancient brow, eternally swatting kill shots, forever breaking service. I feared that because of me my son might even give up racquetball, marvelous sport that it is. I remembered that I myself had given up golf years before, for the stated reason that I hated the stupid game. But could my real reason have been that my own father was much better at it than I? Anyway, racquetball had led the two of us, my son and I, to orgies of soul-searching and self-analysis. Oedipus may have had his problems, but he never had to handle his father's cross-court serve.

By this past summer, it had gotten to the point where we were reluctant to play each other. One or the other of us would always be suffering from some crippling injury that would make a game unthinkable. (Actually, as my regular opponents will tell you, I have never played a game in good health. It is part of my warmup procedure to recite a litany of suffering that would have made Job himself sound like James Fox.)

Still, when I visited my son at his university in September, shortly before his 22nd birthday, I suggested

a game. He had a bad foot. My knee was acting up again. We both had bad colds. But we played. I won the first game, as usual, by a score of 21-12. My son cursed and banged his racquet against the wall, as usual. But we agreed to play another game. This time I observed that a certain *éene calm* had come over him. His mouth was set, his eyes were bright. He said nothing bleepable. The kid was determined, all right. But so was I. To my own surprise, I welcomed his challenge. My honor was at stake. I would hurl the upstart back once more. Long live the Father!

I took my customary commanding lead, dazzling the youngster with clever passing shots, confounding him with serves that clung to the side walls like drapery. But this time, he was in control of his emotions. He kept coming on. A 15-6 lead soon shrank to 15-12. I scored two more points, but he was diving for shots now, covering the whole court with his lanky body. I screwed up an easy kill. He outmaneuvered me with a job over my head. He got in a lucky corner shot off a diving return. It was 17-15 and I was worried. I was also exhausted and dying for a couple of cold ones. But gutsy trouper that I am, I pressed on and scored what past experience with my son had taught me was the clincher.

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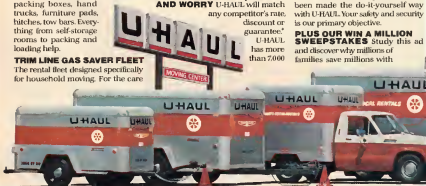
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I can scarcely explain what happened next. The damn kid scored six points in a row, making shots Marty Hogan couldn't make. The 21st and winning point was truly spectacular. I had hit the ball unreturnably low off his serve. He dived for it and dinked it even lower. I gasped in disbelief, my sagging body as wet now as Tracy Caulkins'. The racquet fell from my hand in surrender.

Peter—for that is the boy's name, although he insists upon calling himself Pete, for Pete's sake—got to his feet and smiled for the first time in the game.

"Gotcha," he said.

A previously insurmountable barrier had been cleared. I said nothing. Then we both fell to the floor, pooped and giggling. Friends again. Friends still.

"Dad," he said, "I'mme buy you a beer." And he did. So what if it was with my money.

Bedlam at Wimby

by Curry Kirkpatrick

Unbeknownst to the majority of anarchists, John McEnroe wasn't the first to ravage Wimbledon last

summer. Before a ball was struck in the 104th renewal of tennis' grand event, the *London Observer*, the British Broadcasting Company and, yes, England, fair England herself, took their shots at the old green monster. The genesis was the release of the Smith Committee report, an investigation by the British government into Wimbledon's finances, which had been kept secret for a century. The report revealed, for example, that while the tournament grosses nearly \$7 million a year, its payback to the national tennis development program is one-tenth of that. In reaction, the *Observer* bannered "Is Wimbledon a Racket?" and the BBC televised a critical documentary. Both the paper and the TV explored the distinct possibility that the All-England Club—dues eight pounds a year; coat and tie required; don't bother applying unless a bunch of initials follows your name—was a bastion of rich, titled, snobbish dilettantes unconcerned with social responsibility and not very interested in tennis. This came as no surprise to the pros who, if "Wimby" (as they refer to it) wasn't the most prestigious event in the sport, wouldn't set foot near the joint; nor to journalists who didn't need another reason to despise the place, what with the weather and the food and the working conditions.

continued

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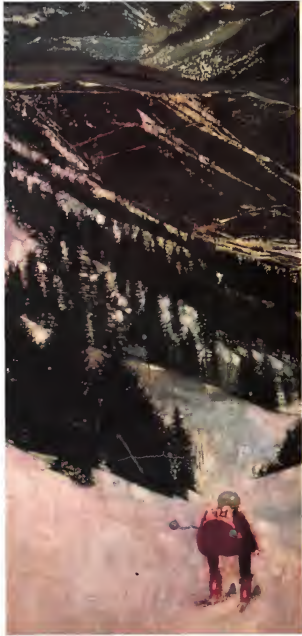
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This background is needed to explain the atmosphere that pervaded the hallowed greensward as McEnroe took his loud and obnoxious stance against the sacred values and practices of the All-England Club. To be sure, it wasn't only McEnroe. Wimbledon's benign neglect of reality has left it quite unprepared for, and unprotected from, the legions of independent and volatile modern tennis pros. McEnroe became the focus of the unrest.

The moment I remember most didn't occur in a McEnroe match. In a way, his matches were irrelevant. His draw was such that he played woofers straight through to the final against Bjorn Borg. So McEnroe matches were transmuted into McEnroe incidents, which became McEnroe press conferences, which became further McEnroe incidents. Which became The Story.

Out of all this came the infamous fight between Nigel Clark of the *London Daily Mirror* and American Charlie Harrison of RKO radio—essentially a harmless shove-down following a mass interview—over the propriety and tone of the McEnroe interrogations. The physical part occurred long after McEnroe had left the room, but he hasn't yet been accorded proper credit for setting the mood, for establishing the nasty spirit that menaced the occasion. McEnroe's influence on the proceedings was so overwhelming the record must be set straight.

That particular press conference had deteriorated into a cloying interloction on the champion's private life—With McEnroe becoming increasingly bolsterous and profane—when the gentleman from Reuters interrupted by saying something like “John, getting back to tennis: Do you think you’re playing well enough to win the championship?” To which James Whitaker, a “snoop” gossip columnist for *The Daily Star*, who had recently made it his business to harass McEnroe, responded sarcastically from the rear of the room, “Greaaat question.”

What followed was a remarkable scene—peers, friends, comrades-in-journalism railing against one another. I have never experienced anything like it. And up front amid the ensuing hubbub of snickers and shouts and insults among the fourth estate was McEnroe, a strange placidity enveloping his countenance. For a moment he was stunned by this outbreak of stupidity from his tormentors. Then he grinned. The press brawling on the floor was to come later, but surely McEnroe knew what he had wrought. He had insulted officials, berated spectators and offended his opponents. He had possibly, probably, corrupted Wimbledon forevermore. He had caused the all-knowing, self-proud media to flinch and embarrass itself. His world was in place. He had gotten to us all, and John McEnroe knew it.

Getting the shaft

by Dan Jenkins

We have all known a professional disaster dodger, the kind of person who says, “I was supposed to have been on that plane, but my wife paints with acrylic, and her exhibition was opening at the museum.” For a variety of reasons in 1981, I somehow became a professional big story misser where the game of golf was concerned.

For instance, when Arnold Palmer won the U.S. Senior Open, I was vacationing on another continent. If I had known that Arnold was going to win his first tournament since Hannibal crossed the Alps, I would have made other arrangements. The best and most dramatic finish of the year came at the U.S. Women's Open when Pat Bradley and Beth Daniel made about 7,000 birdies each, and Pat finally won despite her Aoki-style putting stroke. I had a jaw that had swollen to the size of Aoki, which was why I was at the dentist instead of at the U.S. Women's Open.

Certainly the most moving day of the year was at the U.S. Amateur when Nathaniel Crosby, by winning the tournament, did more for it than anyone since Bobby Jones. I would have liked to have been there to watch the grateful tears streaming down the faces of the USGA officials, but I was home transferring all of my Bing Crosby 78s onto cassettes.

All in all, the biggest moment of the year came

continued



when Jerry Pate dove into the lake after winning the Memphis Classic. That peculiar antic put golf on the front page for the first time since Ben Hogan's comeback in 1950, which was the first time since Jones completed the Grand Slam in 1930, which was the first time since Francis Ouimet had made America aware of the sport in the first place by scoring his startling upset over Harry Vardon and Ted Ray in the 1913 Open. Ouimet, Jones, Hogan and now Pate. I can't remember exactly why I wasn't there for Pate's performance, except that I had seen Memphis before and I presumed it hadn't changed.

H is also for heart

by Pat Putnam

Five times now I've watched Ray Leonard stop Thomas Hearns, always in the 14th round. The first time, of course, was when they fought live. Then the following afternoon I watched it again, on tape. The other three repeats of the fight were delayed telecasts provided by Home Box Office (twice) and ABC.

One of the pleasures—or displeasures—of being a fight writer is viewing tapes, which at times can be insidious. It is at these moments that you match the impressions made under the gun of a deadline against the slow-motion replays of what really happened. It is comforting when replay matches impression. Other times aren't so comforting.

No matter. This isn't an essay on punches seen, or

thought seen. The great value of taped fights is that they provide new insights, add elements hidden or overlooked. One such revelation, at least for me, was the tremendous courage of Hearns.

Watching the replay of the battering he took in the sixth and seventh rounds, the beatings in the 13th and 14th, you wonder what kept this proud thin fighter on his feet. If points were awarded for valor, certainly he earned no less than a draw.

Among my notes from the sixth round I have "L dom ... 26 seconds hook t body H winced. ... H drilled into ropes at b, weaved to corner." It was in this round, after 15 minutes of playing cat-and-mouse, that Leonard took command. With 26 seconds remaining he almost cut Hearns in half with a hook to the body. And at the end of the round a furious volley drove Hearns into the ropes. He had trouble getting to his corner.

Round seven has a huge L. With "stiff JS ... L dig hooks to body vicious ... 18 sec good rt ... H in corner, 4 shots at b. H went to cor like drunk." It was at the end of this round that Emanuel Steward, Hearns' manager, said, "If you don't start fighting back, I'm going to stop it."

Few people thought the fight would go more than another round. Hearns wasn't among them. With amazing grit, after almost four straight minutes (with 60 seconds off between rounds six and seven) of a fierce beating, Hearns came out on his toes, dancing.

The next big L in my notes is for the 13th round: "2:25 H slip ... 1:29 st. rt drops H P (Referee Davey Pearl) slip? ... 25 punches H through ropes I-r-l get up, finally counts 9 bell."

Near the halfway mark of the round Leonard, his left eye almost swollen shut, had unloaded a volley of punches that sent Hearns sailing into the ropes. As Hearns sat on the lower strand Pearl waved him up; the referee had ruled it a push. Hearns was hardly up before Leonard was on him. Another volley returned Hearns to his seat on the rope. Although badly hurt, he never stopped trying to fight back.

Notes on the 14th: "L out fast ... killer ... H rt rt H to bod 2 ... walking st. in ... 16 straight ... H won't quit ... hanging on ropes after big rt at 1:50 ... L hands in air, then in ... banging to bod ... P had enough ... no protest."

No, Hearns never protested when Pearl took him into protective custody. According to the judges' scorecards, if Hearns had rallied and won the last round, he would have gained the decision. But he was staying erect on courage alone; the strength wasn't in him. There would be no rally. It was a measure of the size of his heart that when the fight was stopped he was still on his feet.

I'll always remember how Leonard won. I can only hope that I never forget how Hearns lost. ■



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If only he'd scored two more points against Boston, the good Doctor, Julius Erving, could have had the whole world in his hands to dunk. Dr. J, shown passing over his shoulder against Milwaukee (top, opposite page) and laying one up under Marques Johnson (bottom left), had a magnificent season, averaging 24.6 points a game to lead the 76ers to a 62-20 regular-season record and victories over Indiana and Milwaukee in the playoffs, and was named MVP for 1980-81. Toward the end of the seventh game with Boston, Erving went up for a layup and was stuffed by Bird. Moments later Bird got a rebound and went the length of the court to bank in the winning basket. "I wanted the ball in my hands for that last shot," he said, "... not in anybody else's hand in the world."

Of course, Bird did have some help. Robert Parish (trejecting a jumper by Chicago's Ricky Sobers, right), teamed with Kevin McHale (in the pivot, Guard Gerald Henderson chasing a loose ball, bottom right) anchored Boston's strong bench. Maxwell was an inspired partner of Bird in the forecourt, and Tiny Archibald and Chris Ford were splendid in the backcourt.



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Darryl Dawkins of the 76ers duels Bob Lanier of the Bucks somewhere in the ozone, while Philadelphia's Steve Mix risks life and limb against the Mavericks, and the Warriors' World B force Lloyd Free goes eyeball-to-goggles with Los Angeles' towering Kareem Abdul-Jabbar



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Kodak Carousel projectors.

Chicago had one of the league's better backcourt combinations, courtesy of Nevada-Las Vegas. Reggie Theus (right) defies the law of gravity; Rocky Sobers (below) defies the Knickerbockers.



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In the first game of the final series between Houston and Boston, Bird made what Celtic General Manager Red Auerbach called "the greatest play I've ever seen." Bird followed his own missed 18-footer from the right wing, grabbed the rebound as it came off the rim, shifted the ball from right hand to left in midair and flipped it in as he went sprawling out of bounds. The Rockets should have collapsed in awe after that, but they made Boston claw for a 98-95 victory, and then beat the Celtics 92-90 in Game 2. Houston looked awful in the third game, losing 94-71, but turned right around and won Game 4 by a 91-86 score.

Boston took Houston apart in the

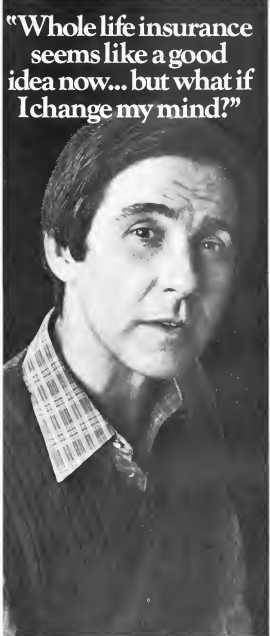
final two games, 109-80 and 102-91, and the Rockets might very well have asked: "Was it something we said?" Actually, it was something Center Moses Malone said before Game 5. "Boston ain't that good," said Moses. "I could get four guys off the street from back home in Petersburg [Va.] and beat them." Then Maxwell made Malone eat his words with 28 points and 15 rebounds. In the sixth game Bird scored 27 points, seven of them in the final four minutes, to stifle a Rocket comeback. As in Game 1, one deadly Bird shot told the story: a 24-foot, three-point swish from the left corner that sealed the victory. At the trophy presentation, Bird made yet another nice play, stealing Auerbach's traditional victory cigar.

If nothing else, the Rockets proved they belonged, despite having the worst record of the 12 teams that made the playoffs. They beat, in succession, Los Angeles, San Antonio and Kansas City, which had eliminated Portland and Phoenix. In the East's first round, the 76ers and the Bulls made swift work of the Pacers and Knicks, respectively. In the conference semis, Boston downed Chicago in four straight, while Philadelphia battled with Milwaukee before winning the seventh game by one point. The scoring tide went to Adrian Dantley, who averaged 30.7 points a game for Utah. Malone, second in scoring, led all rebounders with 14.8 a game. A foot below him, teammate Calvin Murphy set a record with 78 consecutive free throws.

SI



An effervescent Bird demonstrates just why champagne goes so well with championships



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Bobby Ford of Bradley stakes uncontested claim to this rebound against Wichita State, much as Indiana laid its claim to the NCAA championship. The Hoosiers, 7-5 at one point, overtook Iowa to win the Big Ten title in the last week of the season, and then cleaned up in the NCAA tournament, beating their five opponents by a total of 113 points. In the semifinals in Philadelphia, Indiana defeated LSU 67-49 and North Carolina downed Virginia 78-65. Then in the finals, the Hoosiers beat the Tar Heels 65-50, no doubt because of its two Thomases, sophomore guards both. Ishiah Thomas scored 23 points in the final game, 19 in the second half, while Jim Thomas came off the bench to make eight assists and shackle North Carolina's best shooter, Al Wood. The victory avenged a loss to the Tar Heels earlier in the season and gave Coach Bobby Knight his second NCAA championship in five years. Knight had already gotten into the spirit of the Final Four by slam-dunking a voluble LSU partisan into a New Jersey hotel wastepaper bin.

Danny Ainge of Brigham Young (and later the Toronto Blue Jays and still later the Boston Celtics) made the most memorable play of the year. The Cougars trailed Notre Dame by one with 10 seconds left in their Eastern Regional when Ainge took the inbound pass, dashed up the right sideline past three defenders, turned left by a fourth at the foul line and laid the ball up over a fifth man and in for a 51-50 victory. Ainge, however, couldn't get LSU past Virginia, shown defending against him at the right. Below, LSU and Alabama battle furiously for a loose ball. On the opposite page, Jerry Eaves of Louisville feeds Derek Smith against Arkansas.





Rudy Macklin of LSU, at the right, is rejected by Lamar's Kenneth Perkins, but the Cardinals couldn't reject the Tigers in the Midwest Regional. Below left, Derek Smith of Louisville fights for the ball with U.S. Reed and Keith Peterson of Arkansas. Below right, Bradley Coach Dick Versace, whose mom wrote *The Flying Nun*, gets down to earth.



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A rather large child, 7' 4" sophomore Sampson, powered Virginia to its first ACC regular-season championship and inspired awe among his opponents with plays like this one against Duke.



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Written in the Book of Isaiah: "And a little child shall lead them." Isiah Thomas, 6' 1", 20 years old, led the Hoosiers with his deft passing (above) against Maryland and shooting (below) against LSU in the NCAA semi.





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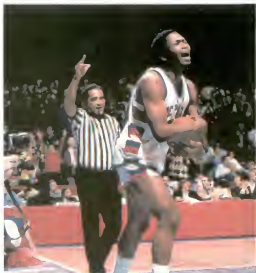
SHOWING THE (TAR) HEELS

One morning last January a somber Coach Knight was heard to moan, "This is the worst hand of cards I've ever been dealt." Two months later, before a full house at the Spectrum, that same hand took the biggest pot of all. The wild card that Knight held was Isiah Thomas. Early in the season the coach and his star were going one-on-one with each other, but after Knight made Thomas the captain and instructed him to run the floor show, their relationship—as well as the team—began to improve. By the end of the season the Hoosiers were the No. 1 team in the country, and Thomas was the best point guard.

Knight had some more high cards up his sleeve. Senior Center Ray Tol-

bert began to assert himself, and the other big man, Landon Turner, followed suit. (Turner was later partially paralyzed in an auto accident.) Forward Ted Kitchel and Guard Randy Wittman fired away from the outside when needed and played tough man-to-man defense. After breezing through the Mideast Regional—they beat Maryland by 35, Alabama-Birmingham by 15 and surprising St. Joseph's by 32—the Hoosiers met LSU, winner of the Midwest Regional, in the semis. The Tigers had a three-point lead at intermission, but Indiana scored the first 11 points of the second half and won by 18. Sixthman Jim Thomas (no relation) helped out when Isiah was in foul trouble, while Turner scored 20 points and held LSU's Macklin to zero in the second half.

In the other semifinal, regular-season ACC and East Regional champ Virginia tried to make it three-for-three against North Carolina, winner of the West Regional, and that was too much to ask. With Wood scoring a semifinal-record 39 points and Center Sam Perkins holding Sampson to a standoff, the Tar Heels won by 13. In the final, North Carolina jumped to an eight-point lead midway through the first half, but then Jim Thomas joined Isiah in the lineup, Wittman hit four bombs and Indiana surged to a one-point lead at the half. In the second half, the Hoosier defense found Carolina's Achilles Tar Heel, while Isiah took over on offense. The net was all his to cut down. **SI**



It was crying time again for Mark Aguirre and DePaul after St. Joe's won in the final seconds.

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PONTIAC NOW THE EXCITEMENT BEGINS

BOXING

Fifty-four seconds was all the time Gerry Cooney needed to prove himself. In less than one minute, the undefeated heavyweight contender from East Northport, N.Y., punched former champion Ken Norton into submission in their May fight in New York's Madison Square Garden. In that bout, Cooney demonstrated that, yes, he does have a right hand and that, no, not all of his 21 knockout victims have been stiff. Cooney also set boxing fans to salivating over his forthcoming match with champion Larry Holmes on the Ides of March in Las Vegas. The fight of 1981 was also in Vegas, on Sept. 16 at Caesars Palace. On a hot desert night, Sugar Ray Leonard needed 13 rounds and 1:45 of the 14th to put away a valiant Thomas Hearns, unify the welterweight championship and reserve his place in boxing history. In the month of December, Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali—two champions for all time—unfortunately needed one more fight apiece to prove to themselves, and to everyone else, that their time had unalterably passed.



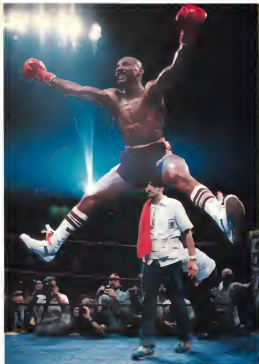


Holmes defended his WBC title three times, gaining a 15-round decision against Trevor Berbick (at right), knocking out former champ Leon Spinks in the third round and putting away Renaldo Snipes in the 11th after Snipes had put a scare in Holmes with a seventh-round knockdown. In the sequence below, heavyweight Michael Dokes gives Randy Gardner the best seat in the house in their preliminary to the Holmes-Spinks fight (note the flying mouthpiece). At the far right, Frazier and Ali sit exhausted in their respective corners during their comeback fights. Frazier, 37, returned to the ring after a 5½-year layoff to fight unranked Jumbo Cummings and was given a generous draw by the judges. Ali, 39, wasn't so lucky. He lost a 10-round decision to Berbick. But at least he promised that after 61 pro fights in 21 years there would be no more





Marvin Hagler floats like a butterfly after beating Vito Antuofermo on a fifth-round TKO to retain his middleweight championship. In another title defense, Hagler TKO'd Mustafa Hamsho in the 11th round. Alexis Arguello (below) stings like a bee—he lowered the Boom Boom, Ray Mancini, in the 14th round to retain his WBC lightweight crown.



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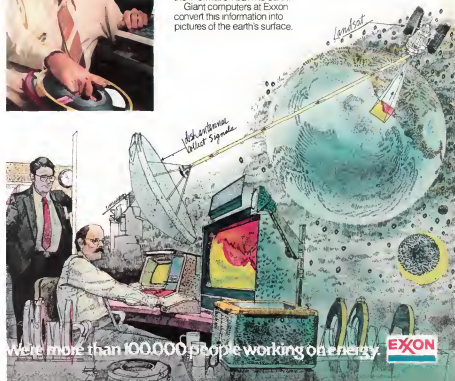
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Hearn is entangled in the ropes, Referee Davey Pearl is counting and Leonard is prancing triumphantly, but this was only the 13th round—the fight wasn't quite over yet.





A KING AND HIS CROWNS

The end came with a minute and 15 seconds left in the 14th round. The referee stepped in and turned the beaten fighter toward his corner. Hearn's handlers did not protest, even though all three judges had their man ahead on points.

The fight had begun in 90° heat in a temporary arena erected over tennis courts. Leonard, the WBC welterweight champion, would earn more than \$11 million, Hearn, the WBA welterweight champion, \$5.1 million. The live crowd was 23,618, the worldwide TV audience 300 million. After the fourth round, Sugar Ray playfully slapped Hearn on the head, and Hearn not-so-playfully hit Leonard in the mouth. With 26 seconds to

go in the sixth round, Leonard countered with a vicious hook to the ribs, then flailed away at the shaken Hearn until the bell sounded. Sugar Ray gave him more of the same in the seventh, but Hearn refused to go down. Leonard, who seemed concerned about protecting his swollen left eye, allowed Hearn to get back into the fight. In the 11th, Hearn hurt Sugar Ray with a three-punch combination, and, suddenly, Leonard was running out of rounds. But in the 13th, realizing he might need a knockout to win, Leonard struck Hearn on the temple with a right hand, staggering him. A barrage of punches put Hearn through the ropes, although Referee Pearl ruled it was a push, not a knockdown. No matter. Arising, Hearn was hit by a left-right-left combination, then two rights, and he was down again as Pearl counted past the bell ending the round. Hearn was up at nine. In the 14th, Leonard took up where he had left off, until Pearl called it off at 1:45.

Earlier in the year, Sugar Ray had sweetened his pot by winning the WBA junior middleweight title, from Ayub Kalule on a ninth-round TKO. Both the light heavyweight crowns changed heads: Michael Spinks beat Eddie Mustafa Muhammad for the WBA title, and Dwight Braxton won the WBC version from Matthew Saad Muhammad. Salvador Sanchez retained his WBC featherweight title by knocking out heavily favored Wilfredo Gomez in the eighth. **SI**



Touted by some as being indestructible, Gomez is knocked over and out by a feather-Sanchez

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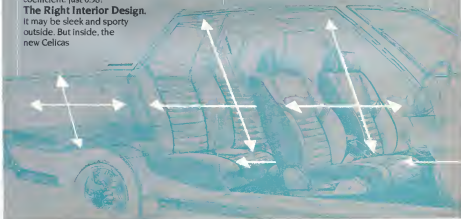
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HOCKEY

The Soviets were once again soaring over the hockey world after they disarmed Team Canada 8-1 in the final game of September's Canada Cup. Here, Forward Sergei Shepelev launches himself to score one of his three goals in the Soviet rout. The defeat was an embarrassment for Team Canada, which featured most of the NHL's biggest stars, including the line of Bryan Trottier, Clark Gillies and Mike Bossy of the Stanley Cup champion New York Islanders, and Wayne Gretzky, the wunderkind of the Edmonton Oilers. Gretzky was at the forefront of the NHL's Children's Crusade. He and his young Oiler teammates humiliated the venerable Montreal Canadiens in the first round of the playoffs. Another puckish crew, the Minnesota North Stars, upset Boston, Buffalo and Calgary to advance to the finals against the Islanders, who had beaten Toronto, Edmonton and the Rangers. In the finals, the Islanders, led by Butch Goring's five goals, won the Cup for the second straight season by beating Minnesota four games to one.





All Gretzky (near right) did at the tender age of 20 was win the Hart Trophy as the league's MVP for the second year in a row. In only his second year in the NHL, score a record 164 points (2.05 a game!), with 55 goals, including this one, lead the Oilers to a three-game sweep of the Canadiens in the playoffs, and cause Anatoly Tarasov, the father of Soviet hockey, to gush, "Smartest player I have ever seen."

Another prodigious scorer was Bossy (far right), shown celebrating his 50th goal in his 50th game. He thus became the second player to accomplish that feat—Maunce Richard did it first in 1944-45. In December, the Great Gretzky KO'd Richard and Bossy from the record books when he scored his 50th goal—also his fifth in a game against Philadelphia—in just 39 games. Bossy wound up the 1980-81 regular season with a league-high 68 goals, then scored a record 35 points in the Cup playoffs.

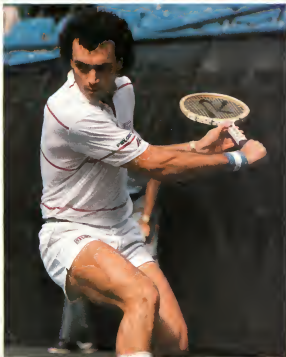






His behavior may have been ridiculous, but his tennis was sublime. John McEnroe stopped Bjorn Borg from winning his sixth straight Wimbledon championship with a stunning 4-6, 7-6, 7-6, 6-4 victory in the final on the Fourth of July. McEnroe's serves, like the one at the left, and his manners were never better on that afternoon. However, in the days leading up to the final, he caused a McEnroe by offending opponents, officials, the ears of Lady Di and the sensibilities of the All England Club, which did not extend to him the traditional winner's invitation to join. Ten weeks later, back home in his native Queens, N.Y., McEnroe won the U.S. Open, disposing of Borg in the final again, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3. In December, McEnroe won both his singles matches and teamed with Peter Fleming to win the doubles as the U.S. beat Argentina to regain the Davis Cup. The biggest women's prizes went to Chris Evert Lloyd, who defeated Hana Mandlikova at Wimbledon, and Tracy Austin, who beat Martina Navratilova for the U.S. Open.

Borg (near right, top) may have missed out on Wimbledon and the U.S. Open, but he did add yet another French Open title to his collection—he now has six, four of them in a row. The tennis year was chock-full of such feats. Evie Lloyd (right center, top) reached the Wimbledon semi-finals for the 10th straight time and the U.S. Open semis for the 11th straight year. Ivan Lendl (far right, top) won his seventh straight Grand Prix event; his streak covered six countries and many types of surfaces, including the carpet at Madison Square Garden, where he beat Vitas Gerulaitis in the Masters final. Jose-Luis Clerc (near right, bottom) strung together four Grand Prix victories in as many weeks, although all of his were on clay courts. Kathy Knadl (far right, bottom) emerged as the latest in the Evie Lloyd-Austin-Andrea Jaeger line when she became, at 14, the youngest woman ever to win a match at Wimbledon.





Both Navratilova (near right, top) and Jimmy Connors (below) distinguished themselves in defeat. Navratilova was brought to tears by the Flushing Meadow crowd, which cheered and cheered her after she was introduced as Austin's runner-up in the U.S. Open. Navratilova did win the Australian Open and the Avon Championships. Connors had Borg on the ropes in their Wimbledon semifinal, only to lose 6-4 in the fifth set. "Me and Jimmy had an unbelievable match," said Borg afterward. Austin (far right) showed her true grit by returning from a lower-back ailment to win both the U.S. Open and, in the women's finale, the Toyota Championships. Ecuador's Andres Gomez (top, center) likes to put a lot of bite on the ball.





HORSERACING

His ears drooped, his ribs stuck out, and his actual age wasn't yet three. The horse was Pleasant Colony, shown here (No. 4 in dark blue and white) tucked in the back of the field of 21 heading for home in the Kentucky Derby. But then Jorge Velasquez slipped him inside and then outside and he moved up from eighth place with two furlongs to go to win by three-quarters of a length over Woodchopper. After beating Bold Ego in the Preakness, Pleasant Colony was poised to become the 12th Triple Crown winner. Alas, Summing stole the Belmont, holding off Highland Blade. Pleasant Colony came home third, but as his trainer, Johnny Campo, said later, "That's no disgrace." Another unlikely steed, the 6-year-old gelding John Henry, was named Horse of the Year for winning eight of 10 stakes races on both grass and dirt and for becoming the first thoroughbred to earn \$3 million. In harness racing, the top performer was Fan Hanover, the 3-year-old filly who won the Little Brown Jug.





Pleasant Colony also came a cropper in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga, losing by a head to long shot Willow Hour (near right, top). George Martens (far right, top), the 22-year-old jockey aboard Summing, deserved a tip of the cap for his brilliant ride to victory in the Belmont.

John Henry (near right, bottom) is at the center of the field in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont, which he won by a head over Peat Moss. Ridden by Bill Shoemaker, he also won the richest thoroughbred race ever, the inaugural Arlington Million, by a nose over The Bart. Not bad for a former claimer of undistinguished breeding who was thought to be too small and too mean. John Henry was sold seven times before Sam Rubin, a bicycle importer, and his wife, Dot, bought him for \$25,000 in 1978. Now John Henry is the richest thoroughbred who ever lived.

Carl Allen and Olaf (far right, bottom) were hot to trot after winning a heat of the first Hambletonian held at New Jersey's Meadowlands. But they got a kiss-off from Ray Remmen's Slnaway St. Pat in the final









Jack Nicklaus has been stymied by a few trunks in his time, but never by one that moves. Here, one member of the peanut gallery watches as Nicklaus practices on his chipping for the Million Dollar Golf Challenge, which was held in Bophuthatswana, South Africa. An elephant wouldn't, but Nicklaus might want to forget 1981. He didn't win any tournaments and finished 16th on the money list. Tom Watson held off Nicklaus and Johnny Miller by two strokes to win the Masters, while David Graham took the U.S. Open at Merion by three strokes. At the British Open, Bill Rogers devoured the Sandwich course with relish and a four-under-par 276. In the PGA at Atlanta, a local boy, Larry Nelson, made very good, winning by four shots. As far as money was concerned, nobody was higher than Tom Kite, who broke Watson's four-year hold on tour dollar earnings with \$375,699. Among the women, Pat Bradley defeated Beth Daniel in the U.S. Open, with Kathy Whitworth finishing third to become the first LPGA career millionaire.

Rogers (near right, top) had nothing to yawn about in 1981. Besides the British Open, he won the Heritage Classic, the World Series of Golf and the Texas Open, as well as three international tournaments. Moving clockwise, Graham achieved the second lowest total in Open history, a seven-under-par 273, and then added a twist by buying the golfing press 25 cases of champagne. Arnold Palmer and his army marched to victory in the U.S. Senior Open at Birmingham, Mich. Ben Crenshaw and the U.S. team were nearly bushwhacked by the Europeans, but they came from behind on Britain's Walton Heath to retain the Ryder Cup. There was hardly a dry eye at The Olympic Club course in San Francisco as Bing Crosby's 19-year-old son, Nathaniel, won the U.S. Amateur. Marlene Hagge, who won the LPGA championship in 1956, showed good form 25 years later in the '81 LPGA





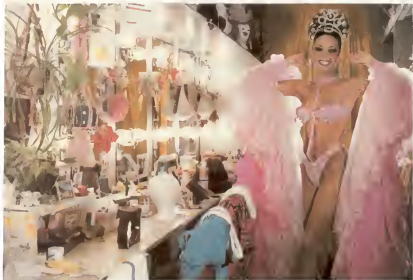
GALLERY

This may look like a very long lift line, but actually, it's the start of the Engadin cross-country race in St. Moritz, Switzerland. Bill Koch battled 12,000 skiers and a blizzard over a 42-km. course to become the first American ever to win the prestigious event. The line of champions in other sports was also long in 1981. Alberto Salazar of Eugene, Ore. set a world record of 2:08:13 in the New York City Marathon, and so did New Zealand's Allison Roe, whose time was 2:25:29. In auto racing, Bobby Unser won the Indianapolis 500 twice; officials temporarily awarded the race to Mario Andretti because Unser had passed cars under a yellow flag. Swimmer Mary T. Meagher set world records in the 100- and 200-meter butterfly events. Earl Anthony was the leading money-winner on the Professional Bowling Association's tour for the fourth time. And, now that the Chinese Year of the Dog has begun, here's a pat on the head for the dog of the year, Ch. Dhandy's Favorite Woodchuck, a pug that was the best-in-show at Westminster.





Connie Saylor was unhurt after his Olds flipped at Daytona. Seb Coe's dancing sister, Miranda, shows a mile of leg in her dressing room at Reno's MGM Grand.





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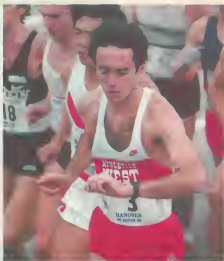
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Roer doubled up, winning in both Boston and New York.



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